



Who's Educated?

Dear Ann Landers: If you say this woman's behavior is correct I will take your word for it and not give it another thought. Mrs. X is forever turning over the cups and plates when she attends a tea or luncheon to see if it is bone china or something cheaper. I have seen her take eye-glasses out of her purse and examine the silverware.

She taps glasses testing for the true ring of expensive crystal. She fingers the tablecloth to determine the quality of the fabric. She sniffs book covers to learn if they are genuine leather or plastic. Once she touched a painting to see if it was a lithograph or an oil. The hostess was visibly irritated.

This woman is supposed to be one of the Boston Brahmins—beautifully educated and cultured to the core. What do you have to say about her conduct?—BROOKLINE

Dear Brookline: Cultured people don't examine china and silver for hallmarks while visiting friends. And I don't believe the woman you described is beautifully educated. If she were she wouldn't have to ping the crystal, sniff books and touch pictures to learn if they are the real McCoy. She'd know.

Dear Ann Landers: I must comment on the woman who signed herself "Mother of a Ruined Boy." Some of the details were so close to my own life that I'm sure people who know me think I wrote it.

My son is 24 years of age and he can't decide what necktie to put on in the morning. If the eggs are too hard he throws them in the sink. We sent him to three different boys' camps and he didn't stay in any of them more than seven days. He was turned down by six colleges and when he was accepted by a small junior college he stayed only 10 days.

If his father didn't own a business he wouldn't have a job. When a girl turns him down for a date he cries. I have a 24-year-old baby on my hands and it is my fault. I ruined this boy and I am sad and sorry. Thank you for letting me get this off my chest.—ANOTHER FAILURE

Dear Another: Getting it off your chest doesn't help the boy much. He has needed professional help for a long time. See that he gets it.

Dear Ann Landers: I am a girl with a strange problem. It is the way my boyfriend dances. It's not that he is a rotten dancer. He is very good. Toe good.

I have done everything under the sun to follow him but I just can't do the fancy steps. I've practiced at home but it hasn't helped. If he would stick to simple dancing we would get along fine but he insists on doing the show-off stuff and it's not my style.

Why would a fellow embarrass a girl like that? Is there a solution? —TWO LEFT LEGS

Dear Two: I know the type. He doesn't need a partner because he's always doing a solo.

Tell him you'd be glad to do the simple stuff but when he wants to try for the cup to please let you know so you can sit the number out and he can get a girl who will help him look good.

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Children's Productions Slated

"Many Moons," "Hank and Rank," "The Habbit," "Inside a Kid's Head," and "A Unicorn in the Garden" will be presented by the summer theater arts production workshop class of Burnett Ferguson, El Camino theater arts instructor, Saturday at 7:30 p.m. in the Campus Theater.

The five stories, the first of a series of three summer productions for children,

will be presented in a unique Children's Readers Theater. The students of the workshop will give the performances as well as direct the readings.

"Many Moons," directed by Chris Ary, is a story of a princess who becomes ill and wants the moon for her very own.

"Hank and Rank" is a children's melodramatic western

reading directed by Floyd Holt.

Goblins, elves and all sorts of little people are involved in the adventure story, "The Rabbit," directed by Pete Noble.

"Inside a Kid's Head," a story about a ten-year-old boy who day-dreams, will be directed by Bill Emerson.

Admission for the reader's theater series is free.



GUITARS GALORE . . . David Paek, 16, David Baker, 17, and Larry Herrera, 18, comprise the lead, rhythm and bass guitar section of the Symbols of Tyme. Paek handles most of the back-up singing chores for the group. The 1968 National Champions are currently reviewing several opportunities offered to them as a result of their first-place finish, including television, recording, and personal appearance possibilities.



THE BEATO BEAT . . . Fred Beato, the Symbols' drummer, seems involved in his work of keeping the Tyme on time. The Cuban-born percussionist is responsible for the formation of the group more than a year ago. Fred, 16, is a sophomore at Torrance High School. His father, now deceased, was an attorney and a concert violinist with the Cuban Philharmonic Orchestra. Beato decided to become a drummer when he saw Ringo of the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show.



TRIPLING IN BRASS . . . Tom Butterfield, Mike Denler, and Bill Koehler of the Symbols of Tyme belt out everything from Latin to hard rock to soul music in their roles as brass section for the top band in the nation. The Symbols recently won that title in national competition at Atlantic City, N. J. They competed against state winners from forty states. Tom, Mike, and Bill are all 16 years of age, and all attend Torrance High School.

Music Is Today's Language

By TIM O'DONNELL
Press-Herald Staff Writer

It is not too tough to figure out why a group of young Torrance High School students who call themselves the Symbols of Tyme were named best band in the nation—all you have to do is hear them.

Music, more than any other medium, is the prime means of communication for the present generation. It is the Symbols' ability to communicate through their amplifiers, mikes, and horns that makes them the formidable "Battle-of-the-Bands" warriors that they are.

Since they do not do much of their own composing, versatility is a prime ingredient. They must be able to perform the tunes currently popular, and to some degree imitate the artists whose songs they're doing.

THIS VERSATILITY is achieved most effectively by Tom Croucier, a Cuban-born singer who can sound like James Brown, Bill Medley,



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or Tom Jones within the same hour. The 18-year-old lead singer is quite a showman and is responsible for much of the Symbols' unique, entertaining stage presence.

Fred Beato, also born in Cuba, is the drummer and takes the credit for organizing the group last April. He, too, must imitate styles of other drummers, according to the song on tap, and he does it perfectly. According to managers Mr. and Mrs. Lee Allen, Fred gets carried away sometimes and is reminded to lighten up.

The Symbols' brass section, made up of Tom But-

terfield, Mike Denler, and Bill Koehler, adds "class" and a touch of stability to the group, as well as providing a base from which they can do Latin or Motown sounds with equal dexterity.

GUITARS are a part of the sound of today's pop music, and the stringed instruments are handled by David Paek, David Baker, and Larry Herrera. They carry a big load, for they do all of their arranging by simply listening to the records, memorizing the chord patterns, and revising until they achieve the effect they want.

The "woman's touch" also is a factor in the group's success, in the person of Susan Lea Allen, who doubles on the organ. This adds to the variety of songs in the group's repertoire, as many current hits feature female vocalists.

The Symbols' win in the nationals at Atlantic City, N.J., won them more than \$3,500 in equipment, auditions for television and recording officials, and an appearance at Steel Pier's famed boardwalk. Their rise to the 1968 championship began with competition in the Hawthorne Jaycees' Battle of the Bands in May.

THEY HAVE decided that it's not necessary to be an eyesore in appearance to attract attention. All of the Symbols are well-groomed, tastefully costumed and well-mannered, both on and off stage. A board of trustees made up of parents of the young musicians makes sure they keep up this standard not only in appearance, but in school activities too.



SINGER-TO-SINGER . . . Tom Croucier, 18, and Susan Allen, 15, go over the vocal arrangements for one of the Symbols' many numbers. Tom is the group's lead singer, and "Lea" sings as well as plays the organ. The Symbols were the only group in the finals at Atlantic City, N. J., to employ a female in the band. (Press-Herald Photos)

COUNT MARCO

Your Husband Doesn't Need All That Training

As they bit into the olives from their one martini too many they chewed out their husbands. Though the four that I deliberately eavesdropped on may not be typical American wives, I'm afraid they're too numerous to be overlooked.

They were comparing husband-training notes, each trying to outdo the failings of her best. They laughed hysterically as each topped the other, treating it all as a big joke.

What I took to be the deadliest insult to any husband was a statement made by the loudest of the group: "Oh I have my husband well trained!" Let me inform you right now that any woman who thinks she has a "well-

trained husband" couldn't train a gopher, let alone a man.

What you mistake for "well-trained" is actually what comes naturally to most American males; they are all good, thoughtful individuals with true loyalty in their manner and treatment to the wife.

The degree to which your husband treats you with respect, love, devotion and loyalty is entirely dependent upon two things: he either loves you devotedly—or, he's a much smarter dog than you give him credit.

If your beast is one of those who too frequently agrees, "Yes, dear," or answers agreeably without hesitation, "If you think so,

dear," or "Do whatever you like, it's all right with me, dear," that's not training, that's self-preservation.

As a dear titled friend once said to me: "I have had many husbands—they all died from an overabundance of love and affection, each leaving me a fortune—and I have had many dogs. I am happy to say that I owned none. I am also happy to say that I treated all my husbands like my dogs."

"I have never had a dog that needed obedience training. I gave my dogs love and affection, which comes naturally from me, and they, in turn, protected me, loved me and gave me devoted companionship. How could I have possibly treated my men with less thoughtfulness."

I can only conclude, for your sake, if you want a beast around the house who performs tricks at your command, who sits up, begs, rolls over and plays dead, you have what you deserve.

But if you have a pet who is unpredictable, who nuzzles, plays, protects, and loves unselfishly, he does it all only if you let his actions come naturally. But if he's trained he can only act on commands—and what a dull animal that is.

PROFILE: ED SULLIVAN

Army Career Man Second In Command at Chamber

Ed Sullivan describes his life as a "potpourri" and himself as "an expert at nothing who will do anything!"

Born with an inquisitive nose that's led him to the far corners of the earth on a myriad of assignments, the assistant general manager of the Torrance Area Chamber of Commerce continues to find an outlet for his varied talents in his current position. When he's not preparing a pamphlet or working on a promotion, Sully is likely to be found answering a knotty question about Torrance or selling the town to a prospective businessman. It's all part of the game, the potpourri.

The city's annual Armed Forces Day Parade is Sully's baby, too. No sooner does he complete plans for one AFD Parade when its nearly time to begin another year's work in preparation for the next. And no wonder, since the parade is the largest civic-sponsored event of its kind in the nation.

Born Edwin William Sullivan in Detroit, Mich., Sully likes to josh about "that petty showman in New York who insists on using my name!" Sully's dad, who was also an Ed Sullivan, incidentally, knew "the real" Ed Sullivan years ago.



ED SULLIVAN

The harsh reality of the work-a-day-world landed on the brown-eyed youth at the age of 15, along with the depression. And he's been paying his own way ever since. Napping an after-school job as an office boy at a Detroit newspaper, Sully juggled homework and legwork until he had a high school diploma firmly in hand. In spite of his hectic schedule, he managed to read all the major philosophers by the age of 17.

Office boy duties led to greater responsibilities. Before long, Sullivan was selling advertising and creating ad layouts promotional work on the side for various organizations helped prepare him for the public relations work that would dominate his 20-year career with the Armed Forces.

With the war peeking over his shoulder, Sullivan signed up for military duty in 1941. He worked his way up to the post of public information officer and for two years served as head of the Army information program at the Seattle Port of Embarkation.

Sullivan's first overseas position tested a new set of talents. In 1948, he shipped out to Seoul, Korea, to become an assistant railway transportation officer. Two years later, Sully was working on public information programs again, this time directing the work at Kobe Base and Osaka, Japan, then at Ft. MacArthur, Calif.

For five months in 1955, Sullivan was assigned to Nevada where he handled highly classified nuclear test information. He hid his head in a foxhole just a stone's throw from ground zero

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